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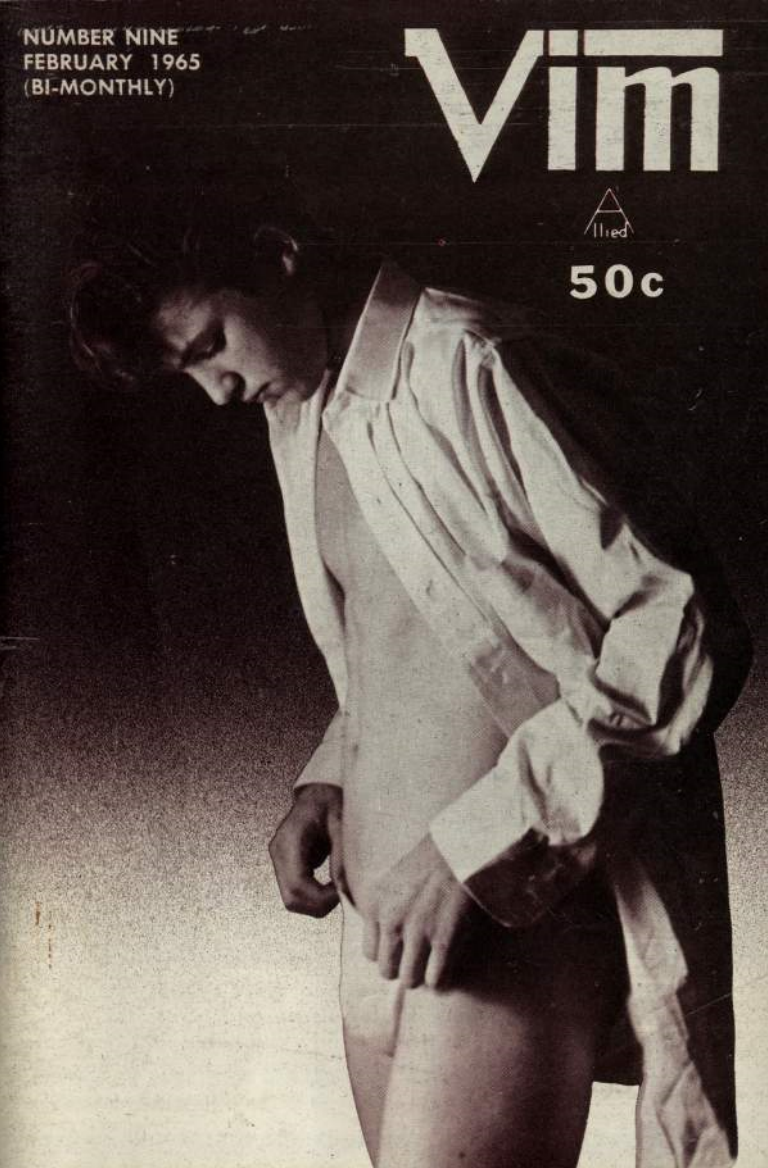
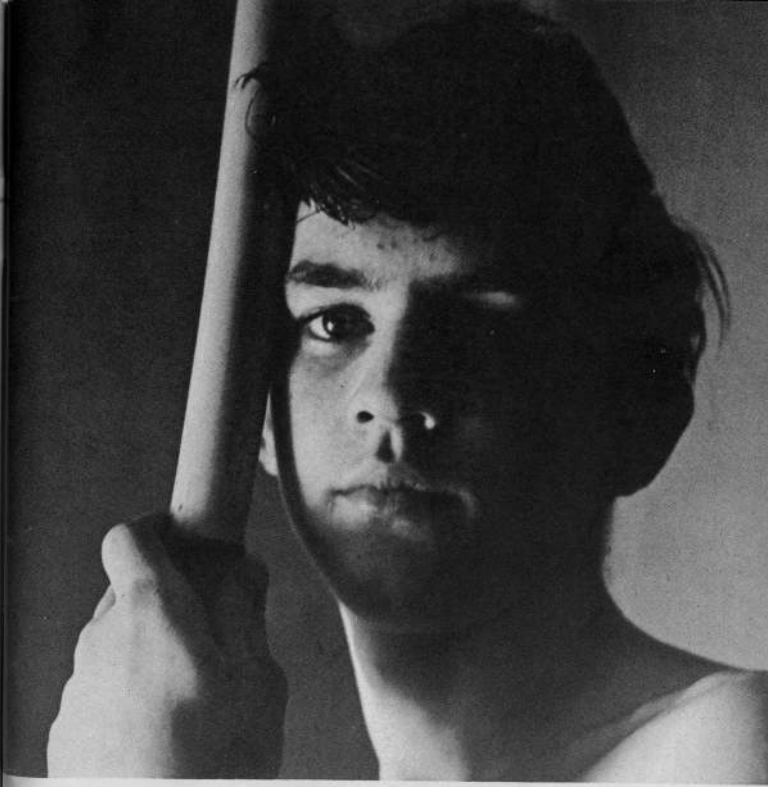


RICHARD HALLMARK is the sensational **NEW MODEL** featured on our Front Cover this month, also above and across the way in photos by Capital ! ! **RICHARD** is now available in 2 new catalogs for only $1.00 each! Write; Capital Studio, P.O. Box 330, New York 3, N.Y.



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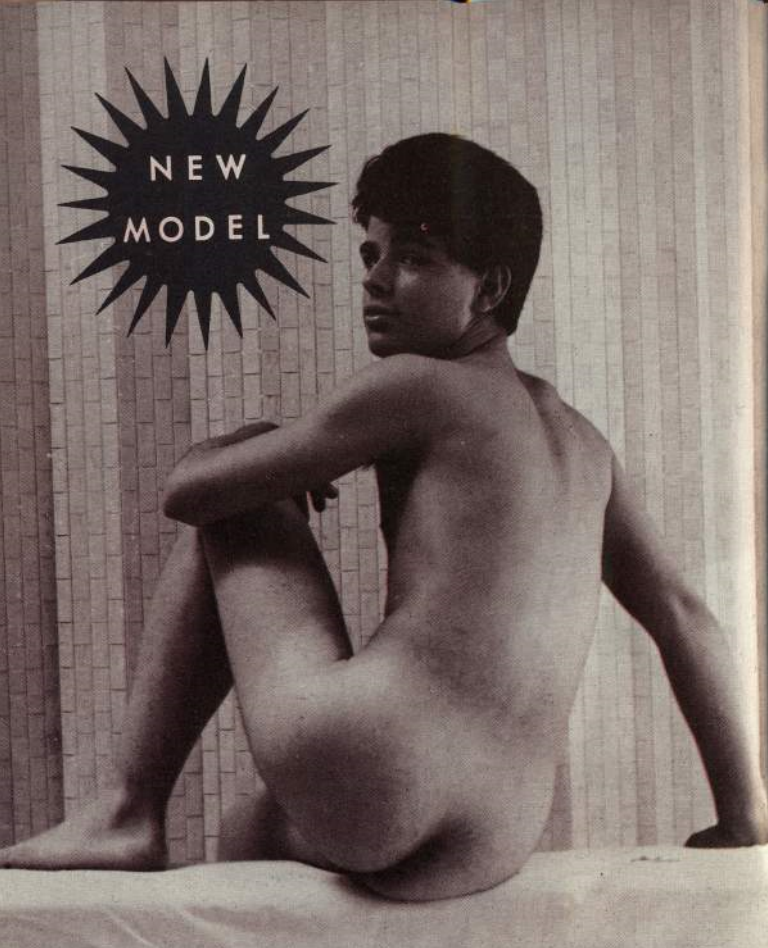
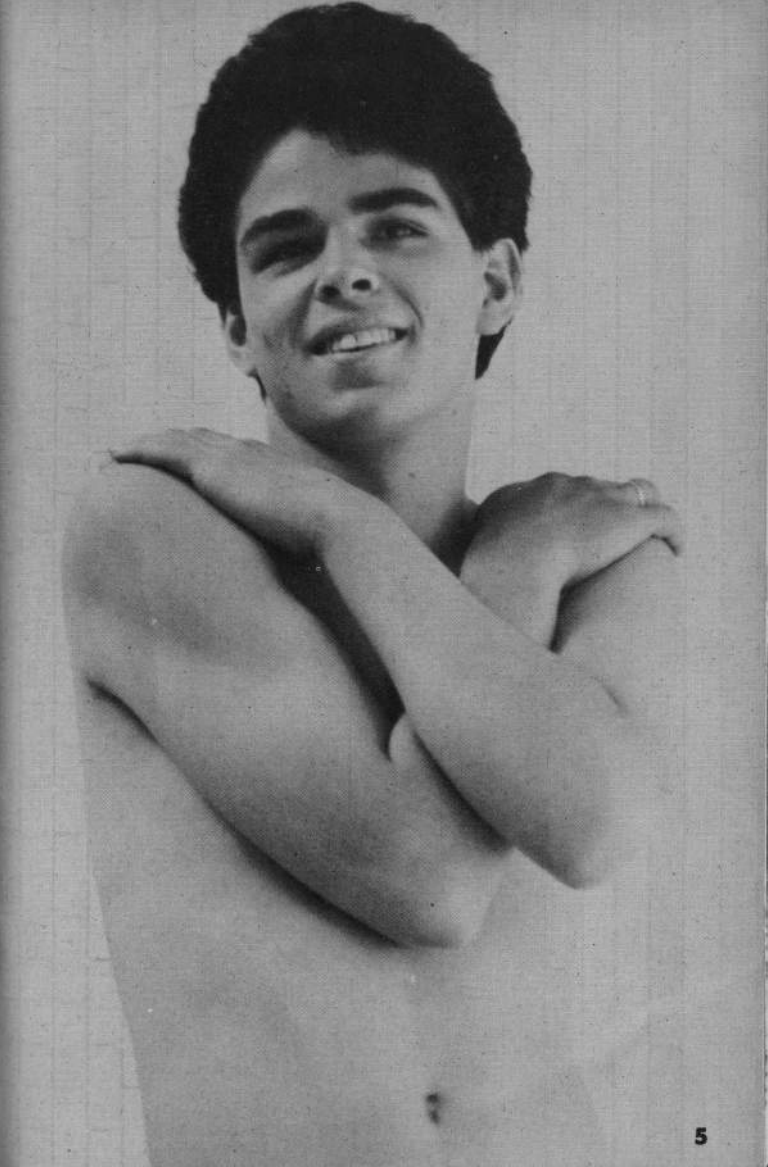
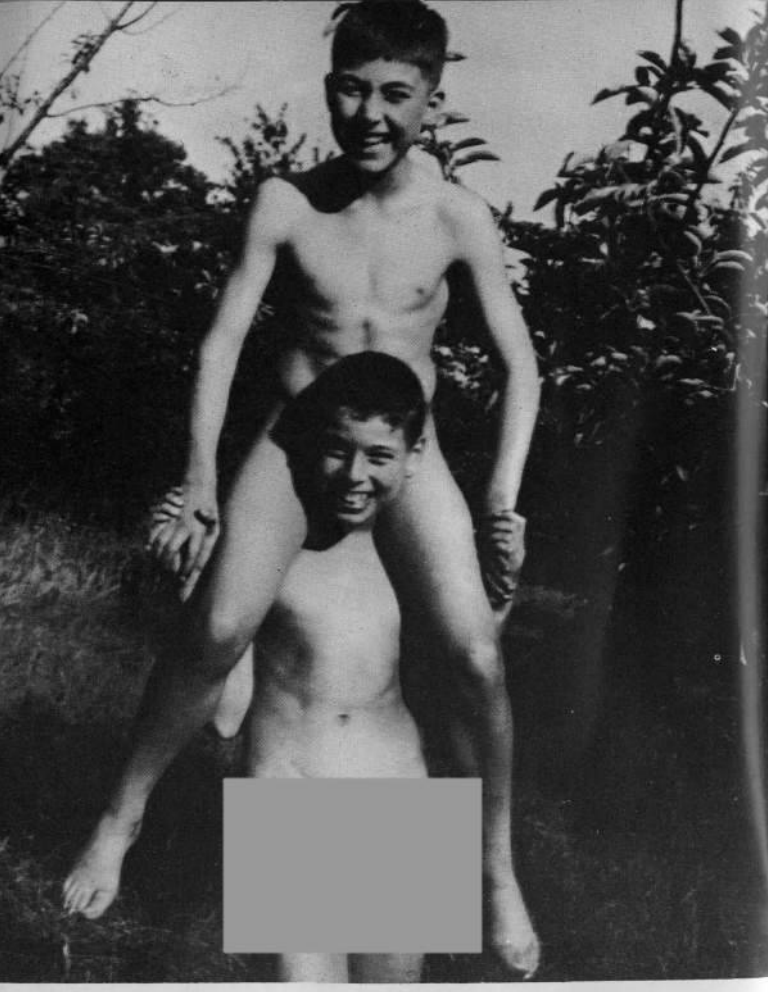
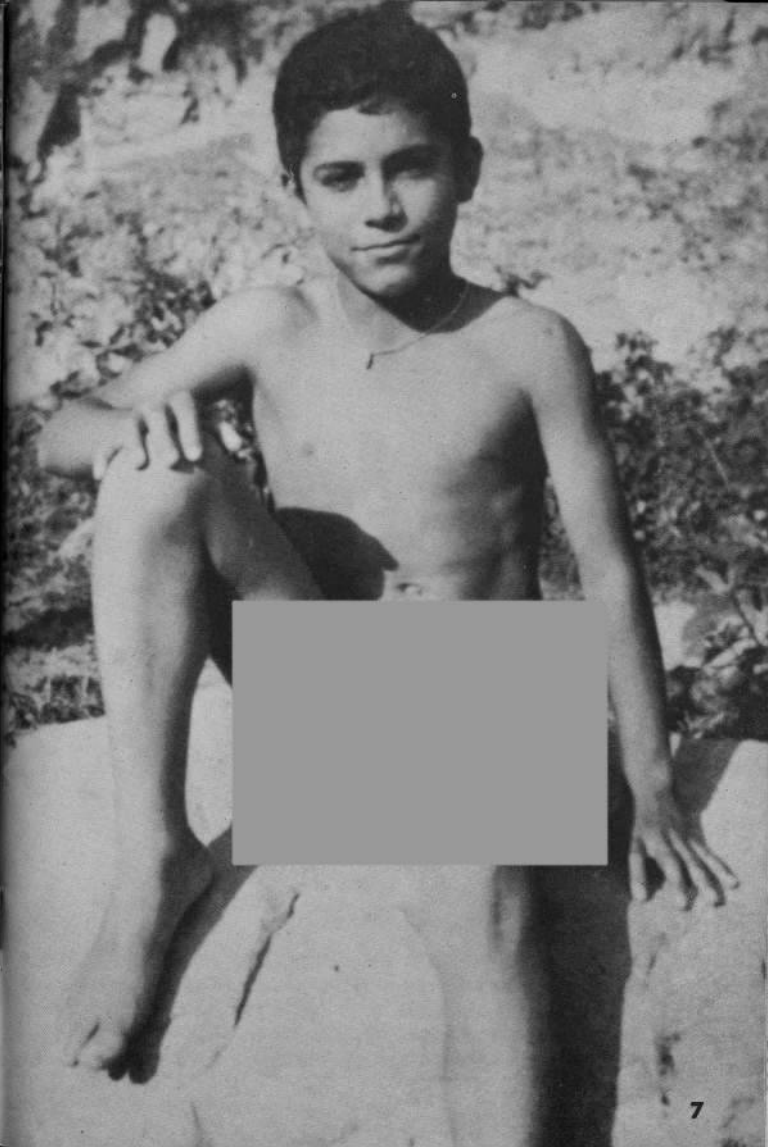


GEORGE FRISK is a **NEW MODEL** making his first appearence in **VIM** this month in photos by Discus! Two catalogs are offered on **GEORGE** for $1.00 each. Write; Discus Studio, P.O. Box 300, New York 21, New York.





FRANKIE & JOHNNY above, and **RENE RODRIGUEZ** across the way, pay us a visit this month in two photos by Mex-Art ! A current catalog featuring many of your favorite Mex-Art models is available for only $1.00. Write; Mex-Art, Box 3231, Austin 4, Texas.



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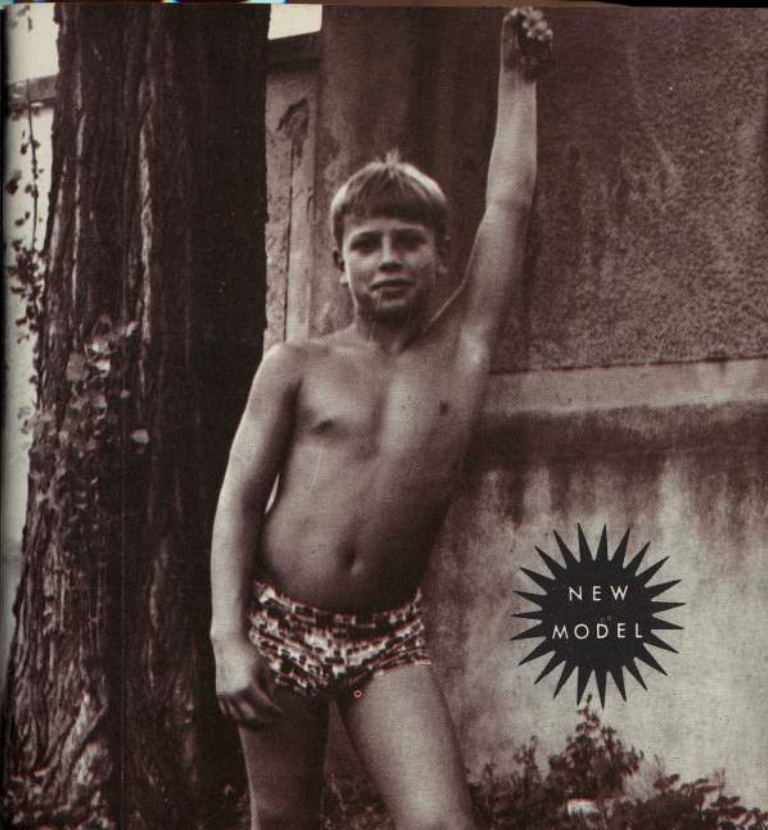


MAX is the gay lad featured above, and **GERHARD** strikes a handsome pose across the way in photos by Hollfelder! Both boys are offered in sets of 8 postcard size photos for $6.00 or 6 Color Slides for $6.00. Write; Frank Hollfelder, 8 Munchen 13, Postfach 452, Germany.

I WAS CAUGHT IN THE MEAT RACK RAID ON FIRE ISLAND
by Randall F. Brown

It was Saturday night. The time was three-thirty a.m. and I couldn't sleep. I should be able to sleep, I thought. Earlier in the evening I had been at the Hotel bar where I had gossiped with various friends, cruised the new talent, watched the triple lines of gyrating hully-gullyers on the dance floor. Afterwards I had taken a walk, during which I met a boy with whom I had pleasant, casual sex. It was enough for an evening, I thought. I should be able to sleep.

The beach house was quiet. My roommates hadn't come back yet from their rounds of the island. There was no reason why I shouldn't sleep. Nevertheless I tossed and turned, striving for but never coming near Morpheus Country.

I decided to get up. It was foolish to lie there, unhappily striving for the unobtainable. It still was the weekend. Outside of my bedroom windows I could hear laughter and singing. I was sure there were many young men on the walks, strolling up and down or standing in the shadows of the houses, young men I might find interesting.

And there was the Meat Rack. It was dangerous, especially on a Saturday night, the most likely time for a raid, but I had been there on several Saturday nights before and nothing had gone wrong.

The police boat was not at the dock as it had been two weeks before. No blue uniforms were seen around the hotel, or patrolling the walks.

Earlier in the evening a friend of mine who knew most of the important people in Cherry Grove, assured me that the police had finished with their harassment of the island for the summer.

So I felt safe as I walked through the dark shadows.

It was the warmest night of the season so I wore only a pair of shorts and a short-sleeved sport shirt.

I passed several figures in the walks. Some had possibilities I thought, but there was no privacy and I was shy, fearing to be rebuffed by anyone.

I continued past many of the most charming of the Grove houses, Hint of Mint, Belvedere, La Galeria, Maison Verre, Victoria and Albert, Trade-ing Post, until I reached the north border of the small community.

There is much natural beauty all over Fire Island. In this photo we see the beach adjacent to the Meat Rack, and in the photo below, a scene from the Rack itself.

At the end of the walk, I could look up and see the half moon, the curve of the dunes, the light blanket of fog on the sand that made the small valley look like a snowy waste of the Arctic Circle. I proceeded walking down the path that led toward the grove of pines where the liveliest activity of the Meat Rack usually took place.

Just before stepping into the tiny forest ahead of me, I saw a light flashing on the deck of one of the new not yet completed houses. It could be the police, I thought, but more likely it was some boys doing a little exploring. I continued my walk into the Rack.

Two men were coming out. I only had a faint look at them, but they seemed rather heavy. There were not many heavy men at Cherry Grove. Then I noticed they had turned and were slowly following me.

This was a bit odd, too. Were both of these boys interested in me? Unfortunately, it wasn't odd enough to change my direction. I kept going.

In the small clearing on the edge of the marshes, inside the Rack, I stopped and looked around. I saw no one else there. Then the two men who were following me passed in front of me and stood under some trees. I was curious. I walked up to them and looked at them more closely. Neither of them interested me, so I walked away.

A new figure approached. He was dressed in a sweater and slacks.

"Nothing much going on here tonight, is there?" he said.

"No," I said, a bit annoyed. "I've just got here."

People usually did not talk in the Rack. This was a place for pantomime and gesture, touching, feeling. Talk spoiled things. I walked off.

A very tall man wearing a jacket stood near the trees. His outline against the moon interested me, but I was unwilling to approach him here. Then I heard some noise. Two men in sweatshirts came out from the marshes. It was another warning: the gay boys seldom ventured into the marshes.

And all of these six men in this clearing were large and fat, which most of the gay population of the Grove was not. But this observation, like my others did not deter me, tragically enough.

I walked up the path which led further into the Rack to another, more isolated clearing, wondering if the tall outline

would follow me. He did. He stood very close to me with his feet spread apart. My hand gently traveled toward him.

He grabbed it.

"I'm a police officer and you're under arrest," he said.

I tried to run but I was surrounded by all of the fat men, all six of them. They were all cops. They pinned me to the ground and handcuffed my hands together.

"Please," I screamed at them, "Please, let me go. What did I do? I didn't do anything. Let me go."

"Shut up" the cop in the sweater said as he pushed me out of the Rack toward the dunes. "You scream anymore and we'll knock you out." They didn't want me warning any other gay boys who now might be on their way to the Rack.

"Please let me go," I pleaded. But it was useless. I was caught. There was nothing for me to do but endure this arrest, the grueling hours ahead, and just hope for the best.

As we climbed a dune facing the ocean, I asked the cop in the sweater, "What's the charge?"

"Disorderly Conduct. Don't worry, fellow, you'll just be fined five or ten dollars and then let go."

"But I don't have any money on me."

"Don't worry, we've made a big haul tonight. One of your buddies will help you out."

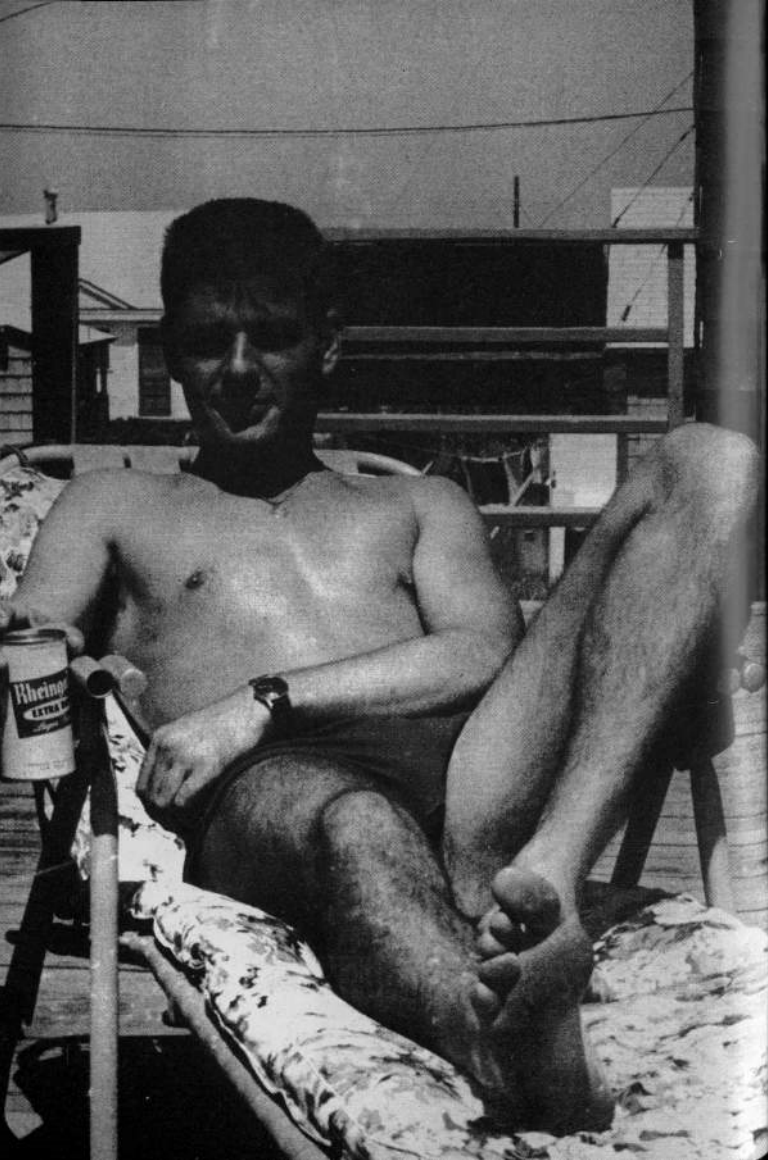
What's the purpose of all this, I thought, if it's just for five or ten dollars? Then I remembered Joey Daly, a friend of mine who had been caught in a raid two years ago. It was only a fine for him, also, but then they published his name in a Long Island paper and he lost his job at CBS because of it.

I thought of my job and of my family. What if my family should find out?

A man with a pad of yellow paper and a flashlight took down my name and address. Then the policeman in the sweater with some sort of marker wrote something on my neck. (I discovered later it was his initials). Then another cop pulled me over to an automobile and handcuffed me to the steering wheel.

I pulled my hand against the steel bracelet. I felt like a trapped animal. If only I could get this thing off, I thought, perhaps I could open the door of this car and sneak away. But it was impossible, I was only hurting myself, and I gave up trying.

"Hey," I heard one cop calling to the others. "Look what we got." In the glare I could just make out two of the fat cops



leading two thin figures toward the cars.

"One's a dame!" another cop said.

"They were bare-ass swimming in the ocean." The boy and girl, now partially dressed, were pushed into another car.

Later I was placed in the same car with the boy and girl, and we were driven up the beach, quite a long ways, to Davis Park.

The boy said to the girl, "It's just an experience. What can they do to us? We just have to try and enjoy it as much as we can!" But then he broke into a hysterical laugh that belied his former words.

The girl said little. She was still very wet, her bathing suit and jacket were wet and she felt very cold.

At Davis Park, ten unhappy men were sitting on the wooden walk, all of them hand-cuffed to each other. (I heard the ~~police arrested seventeen altogether~~). ~~They looked up at the~~ swimmers.

I recognized three of the men from the Grove.

"I'm freezing," the girl said. "Have you anything dry I could wear? I'm sure I'm catching pneumonia."

The police took the girl into a hut they were using as a police station and then had me sit down with the other prisoners.

"I'm not going to plead guilty," a fellow dressed rather well in blue slacks and a cashmere sweater said.

"But it's only going to be a fine," another man said. "The last time they had a raid, it was only fifteen dollars."

"You plead as you like, but I can't have this thing on my record. I have an important job. This could ruin me. Anyway, I was only sitting on a sand dune, watching the ocean, when these big lummoxes pounced on me."

"But if you plead not guilty, do you realize what you'll have to go through? You'll have to fight it. You'll have to stay in jail until someone will bail you out. You'll have to get a lawyer. Just think how much it's going to cost you to get a lawyer from New York to come all the way out here! And how do you think you're going to win this case? You'll have the testimony of five police officers against you."

"Sure, sure," the blue trousers said, "I know that. But just think, you plead guilty and you're in their hands. They could put you in jail for a month. They could fine you five hundred dollars, if they wanted to."

"No, no. It's never more than twenty-five. That guy that

was picked up last month only paid fifteen."

One by one we were taken into the small cottage where we were questioned about our addresses, our occupations, and all of the answers were put down on a form.

Six of the prisoners were taken to the dock where they boarded a boat which took them to the mainland. The "swimmers" and myself went the long way around, by land, in a jeep.

It really was a rather beautiful ride. The time was near dawn and we rode on the beach at the edge of the surf.

"Well, we're at least getting a free tour of Fire Island," the boy said. The girl, however, was still cold and her teeth were chattering.

Until I felt the strong urgings of my bladder, I wasn't minding the ride. But now I needed a Men's Room, very badly. I must control it, I thought, but I knew we still had a long way to travel before reaching Patchogue.

"I need to urinate," I finally announced to our captors. Don't say I didn't warn you, I would be able to tell them, after pissing all over the back seat of their car.

But by superhuman effort I managed to hold it in until we reached the Brookhaven Police Station. There I rushed into the Men's Room and managed to relieve myslf — which is no easy matter, I'll tell you, when you're handcuffed.

I was placed on a wooden bench beside two of the fellows I had seen at Davis Park.

"Have they told you anything here?" I asked.

"One of the cops told us," he said, "that we were charged with Disorderly Conduct, something about outraging public decency. It's only a misdemeanor and means only a fine. He said if we pleaded Not Guilty, the charge would be greater, maybe even sodomy — "

"What are you pleading?" I asked him.

"Do we have any choice?"

We really didn't, I knew that.

I looked at the group sitting there. Except for the two young boys and the swimmers, the seventeen of us were very much alike, in our thirties, with fairly good jobs, probably all college graduates, no swishes, all of us able to function well enough in the straight world.

"Frankly, I'm scared to death," the other man on the bench said. "I've been working for my firm for ten years. If my boss should ever hear of this, it's goodby job."

Where the Meat Rack and the beach merge.

A fellow sitting on the bench opposite me had been arrested wearing only a pair of shorts. He was a handsome blond boy with a magnificent build.

"See the boy without a shirt?" my neighbor asked, "He and the fellow he's handcuffed to are from Sweden. They've just been in this country two weeks. Imagine how they feel. A fine impression of America they're going to bring back to Stockholm."

My name was called and I was ushered into an office where the cop who wore the sweater, the one that first had spoken to me in the grove, was sitting at a desk. He asked me more questions, filled out more forms.

"You're charged with going to a beach for the intentions of committing a lewd and unnatural act which offends the public decency.

"So what does this mean?"

"It's really just Disorderly Conduct, like having a fight in the streets. It's the smallest offense we can charge you with. You'll just be fined ten or fifteen dollars."

"But I don't have a penny on me."

"One of your friends does."

"But they're all like I am. Who takes money with them when taking a moonlight walk?"

"Listen, mister, don't come to me with your problems. You've had warnings all summer. You knew the chances you were taking when you stepped into those bushes. Most of the guys here think you queers are being let off too easy. They thought you should have got a little roughing up back there in the bushes. You're lucky. Now get back in the waiting room."

This time I sat next to one of the Swedish boys.

"Are you pleading Guilty?" he asked me with a slight accent.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," I answered. "What about you?"

"I don't know what I should do."

"If you were smart," I told him, "you would put up a fight. Insist on speaking to your Consul. Tell them you didn't think you were breaking any law. You'd probably get the whole case thrown out."

"I don't know," he said.

One by one we were called into another office where the judge was sitting at a desk. He was in his thirties, wore glasses

and seemed to be very cold about the whole matter.

Before it was my turn, I was standing next to the fellow in blue slacks who had been so angry and indignant at Davis Park.

"What are you pleading?" I asked.

"Guilty," he sighed, "What else can we do?"

It was true. We were all afraid. We were all ignorant of our rights, of the possibilities of what could happen to us. I was angry there was no one here on our side, no counsel to give us any advice. We could insist on a lawyer, but as it was Sunday, this would undoubtedly mean much more time in jail.

After my name was called, I stood before the judge as he read to me the same charge that the police had read to me.

"Guilty or Not Guilty?" he asked.

Was I, or wasn't I? In my heart I had not committed any offense against nature or public decency, but according to the law where did I stand? Could I afford to fight this?

"Guilty," I said, immediately feeling very guilty over my cowardly weakness.

"You are hereby fined fifty dollars," he said, "if your fine isn't paid by one o'clock this afternoon, you will be placed in jail for a period of 10 days."

Fifty dollars! We were all fined fifty dollars, twice as much as anyone in these raids had ever been fined before!

And we all meekly, cowardly paid it. The Swedish boys, the indignant fellow in the blue slacks, all of us.

All except the swimmers, that is. They pleaded Not Guilty. They protested they were not bothering anybody by taking a nude swim at three in the morning. And their fine was reduced to ten dollars each. Of course, these heterosexuals had nothing to lose by fighting it.

We were now allowed to make two telephone calls. My house at the Grove didn't have a phone so I called a friend who had one, but I couldn't get an answer. I called another friend. He was there, but he said he didn't have the money with him, but he would try and get it.

All seventeen of us were now madly telephoning. At least I had friends on the island. The Swedish boys were staying at the hotel. They knew of no one that could help them.

The swimmers had someone coming to pay their fine, but when I asked if their friend could help me, they said he hadn't enough money. I pictured myself spending ten days in jail

through the lack of $50.00.

Then one of the officers came into the room where we were sitting and said.

"Relax, everybody. All of your fines are going to be paid."

It seemed like a miracle.

"The man who runs the Water Taxi service to the Grove is paying for all of you." It sounded unbelievable.

In the room with the judge was a small thin man with a large bundle of money in his hand. After he would give the judge three or four bills, the judge wrote out a receipt for each of us.

It was a great gesture on the part of this little man. His Ferry service did depend upon these boys, these fairies. This gesture was good for business. Nevertheless, he was not compelled to pay these fines. And he was taking a chance. Would all of the seventeen pay him back?

On the boat going back to Cherry Grove, we former jail mates were all laughing about our experience, joking about the policemen, the fact that none of our captors had been in the least attractive. It was a grueling, mortifying, costly thing, but none of us really felt guilty about it. We were just hoping there would be no reverberations from it and we could forget the incident as soon as possible.

One of the fellows, whom I learned was a college instructor, turned toward me.

"I don't understand why at the first of the year, each house in the Grove doesn't contribute ten dollars toward a fund for the use of a lawyer in case of an emergegncy like this, " he said. "We pay for a doctor to be out there. Why not a lawyer? Each person (when they visit the Grove) is just as liable to being arrested as they are to having a broken leg. Sure, we were warned about going into the Rack, but next season it might not be the Rack, why couldn't it be the bar at the Hotel, or the Sea Shack? They could easily arrest everyone at the bar anytime they wanted to on some trumped up charge or other."

"I've been thinking of that myself. What if we did have a good lawyer with us this morning and we all stood together and pleaded Not Guilty? Their jail couldn't hold all of us. We would certainly shake up that little town. But then who of us could afford the publicity?"

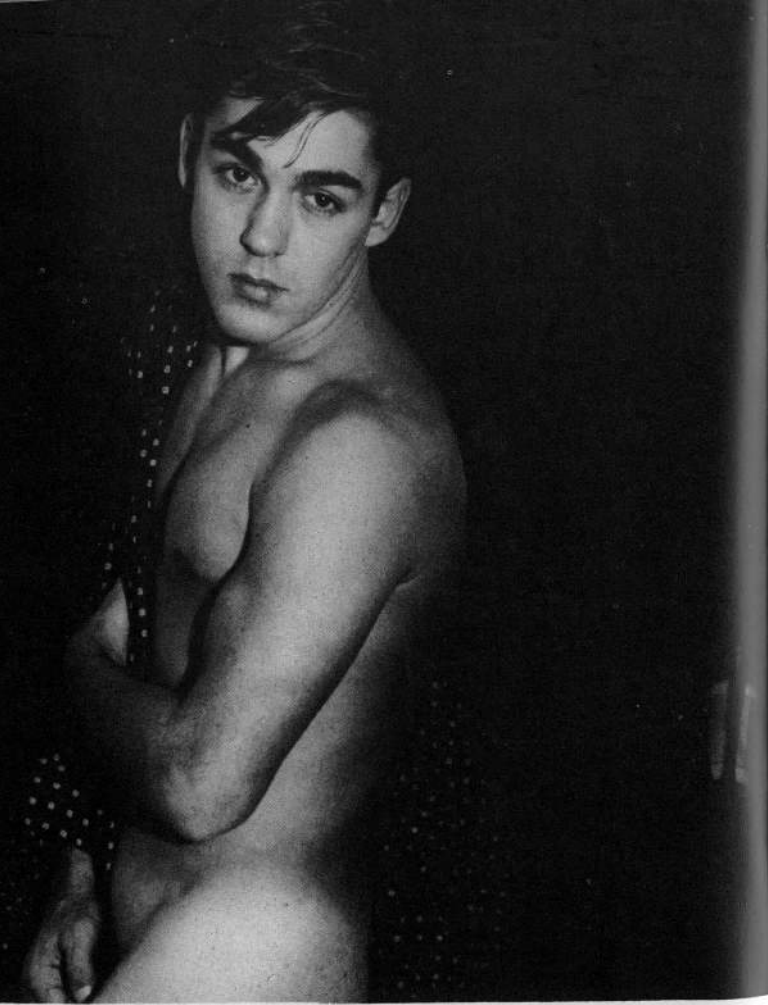
"None. At the smallest sign of trouble, we're all cowards. But it's time we woke up. Before it's too late. In those big books

Civilization and sidewalks end, and the Meat Rack begins.

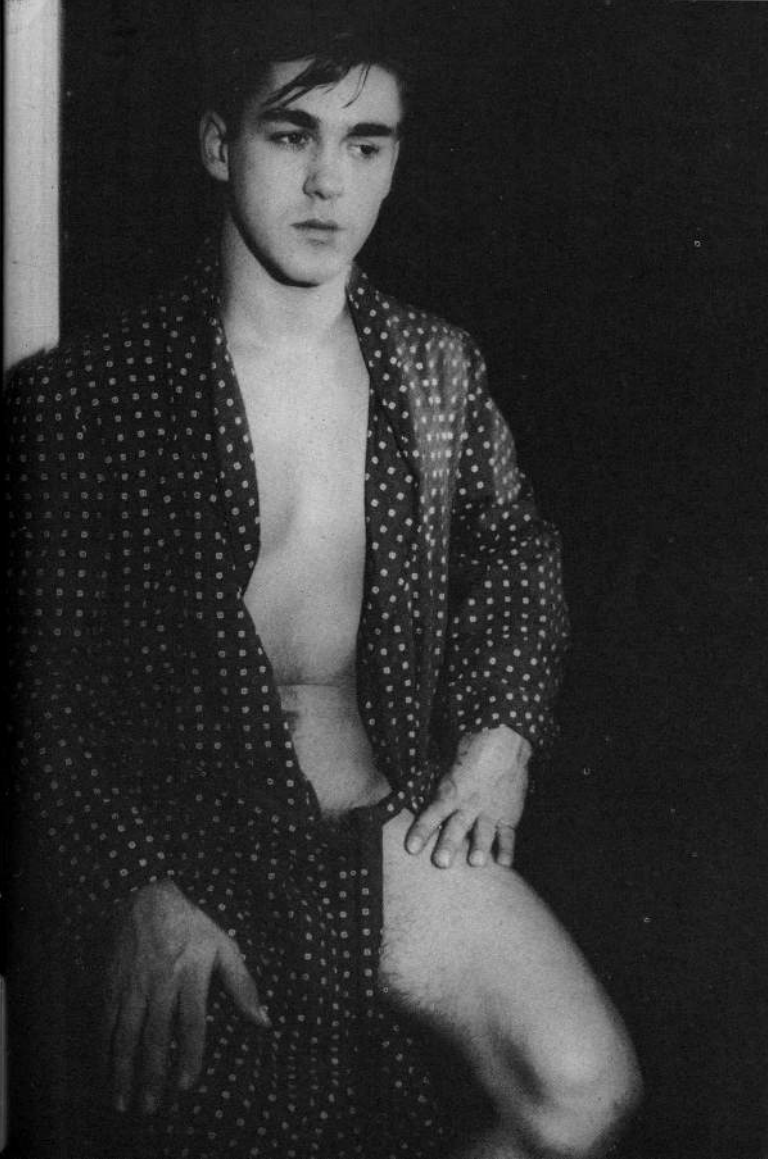
up in Albany queers are criminals, not much different from thieves and murderers. Each time they do what comes naturally to them they're committing a felony. We're all at the mercy of the Albany boys. Who knows what is in the future for us? How many queer-hunts are up their sleeves? Will we always say meekly 'Guilty, judge' and go off to jail or maybe to prison without putting up one bit of resistance? Shouldn't we think of some way to protect ourselves?"

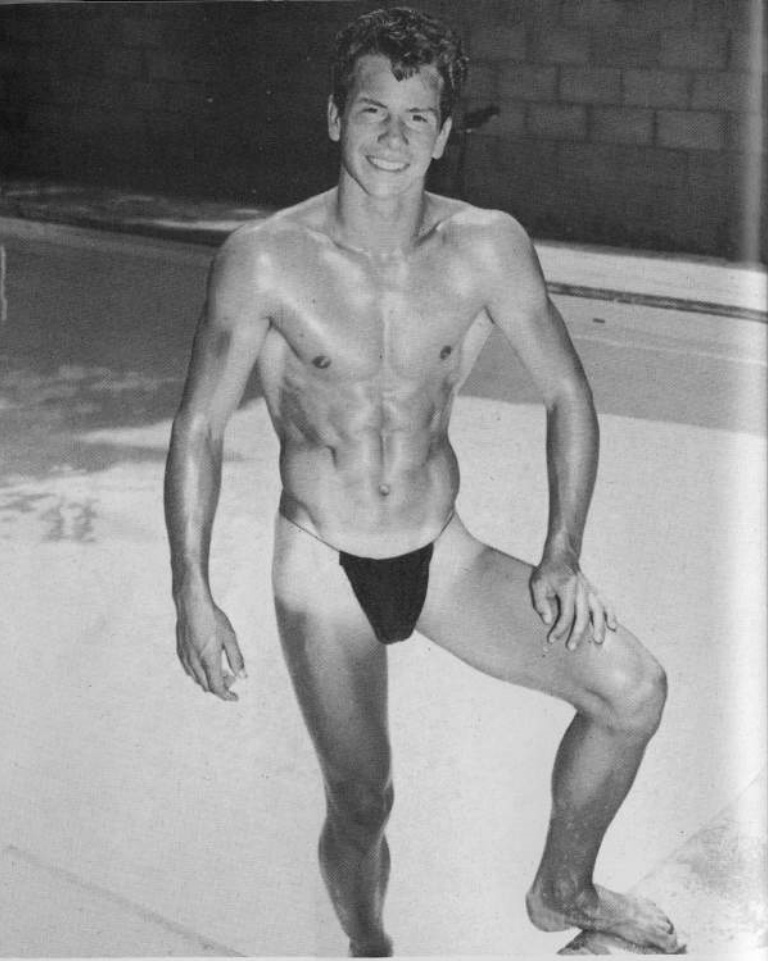
The boat had now reached the dock at Cherry Grove. Friends were there waving and screaming, holding drinks for us in their hands.

The raid had started at three a.m. that morning, and now at eleven a.m. it was all over. We hoped it was, anyway.

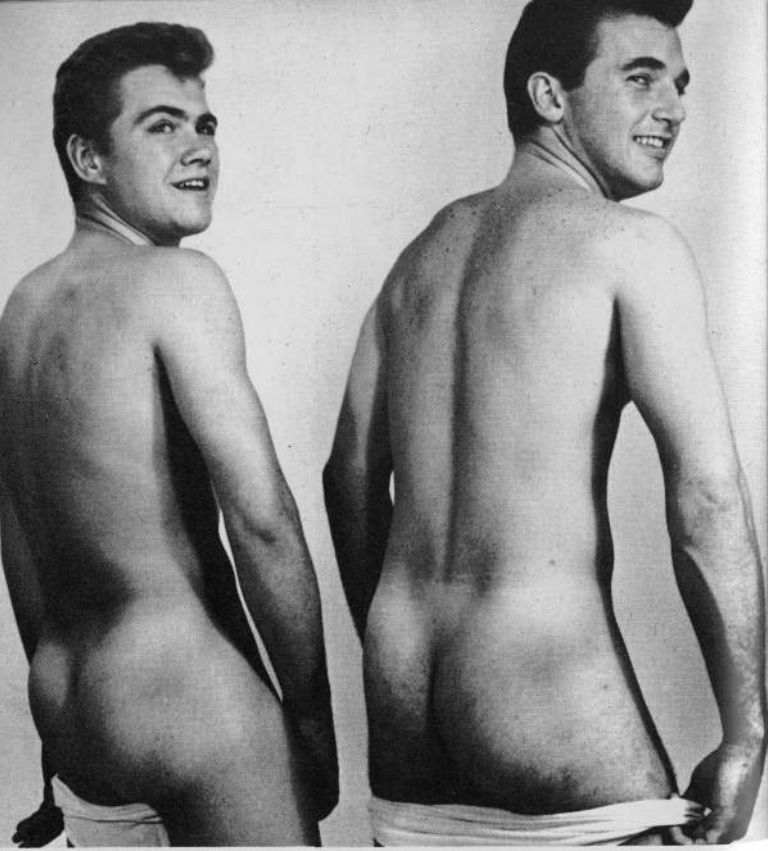


JOHNNY CYCLE is featured above and on the following page in photos by Plato! **JOHNNY** is offered in six 5x7 B&W photos for only $3.50. Send $1.00 for your general catalog and samples to; Plato, P.O. Box 94, Old Chelsea Sta., New York 11, N.Y.





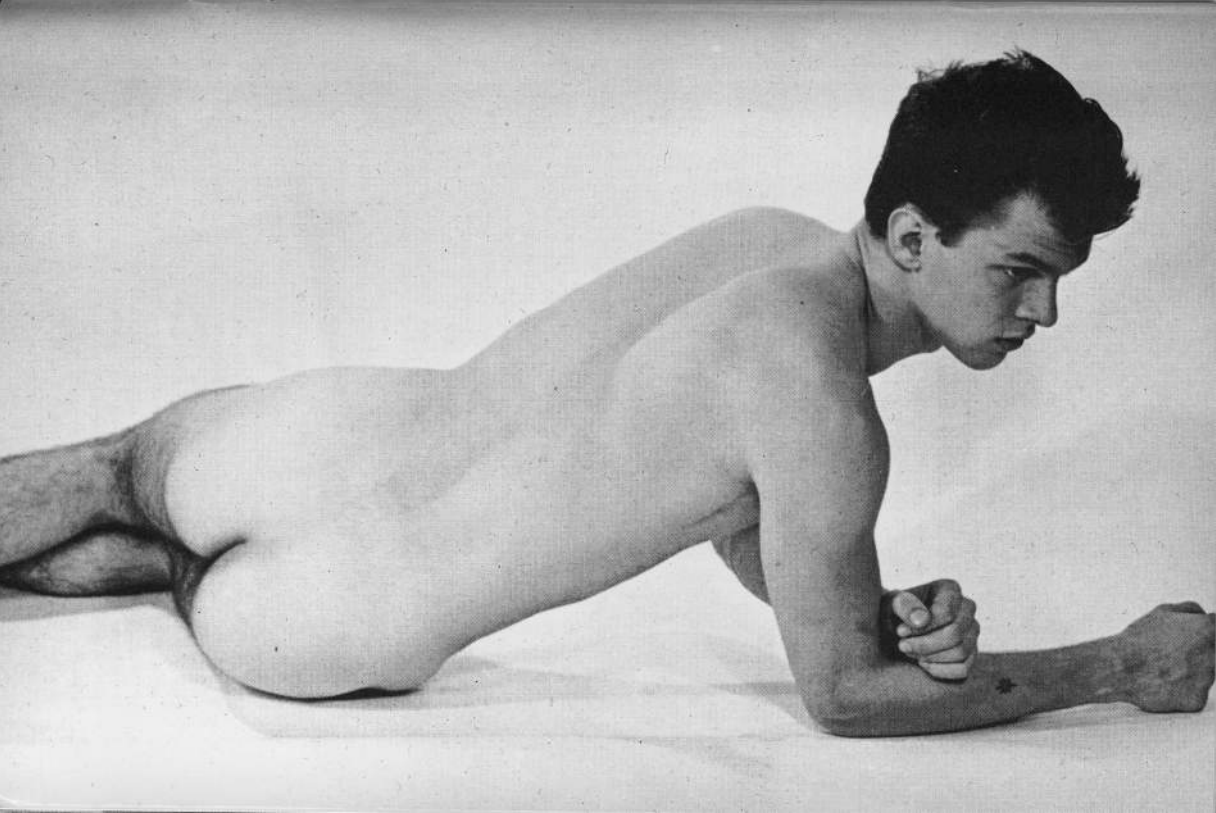
Handsome young **BILLY HAWKINS** is featured on this and the following page in photos by AMG ! Why not send 10 cents to AMG today and receive their great new Physique Movie Calendar! Write; Athletic Model Guild, 1834 W. 11th St., Los Angeles 6, California.



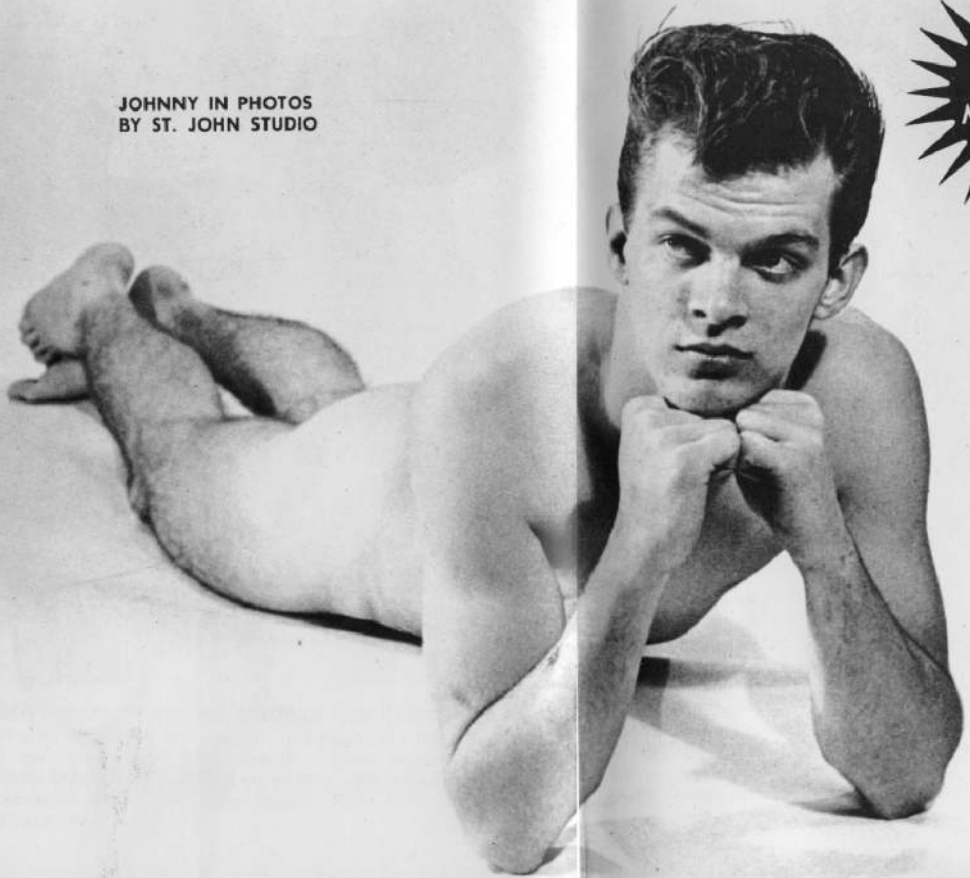
BRUCE and **JERRY** are featured on the preceeding double page spread, also above and across the way in photos by R.A. Enterprises ! ! All the photos in this feature were taken from **BRUCE** and **JERRY'S** great new photo set "Two Teenagers Meet".

Both boys are available in a **COMPLETE SET OF 28 4x5 PHOTOS FOR THE SENSATIONAL PRICE OF ONLY $6.00 ! !** Why not take advantage of this terrific offer today, and while you're at it, send $1.00 for the new R.A. Enterprises catalog! Write; R.A. Enterprises, 6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood 28, California.

A NEW MODEL MAKES HIS DEBUT IN VIM ! ! JOHNNY is the terrific **NEW MODEL** featured on this page, the following page and our Center Spread this month in three superb photos by St. John Studio! Send $1.00 and receive your sample photo and information. Write; St. John Studio, P.O. Box 63, Detroit, Michigan. 48231



JOHNNY IN PHOTOS
BY ST. JOHN STUDIO



NEW
MODEL

Guild Book Service
Bulletin No. 18

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Stations. Burt Blechman. (Available through Guild Book Service for $3.95)

This novel is in the same class as **City of Night, Naked to the Night, The Flaming Heart** and others which have been dominated by the theme of homosexuality; but in this book we have one thing that is different. The first few pages of **Stations** tell us what the present life situation is of the main character, Dominick Wright and the remainder, and much larger part of the book, recalls the past. The book is written to show the state of mind of Dominick Wright, and this means that the chapters are brief, filled with sexual fantasy and highly symbolic.

When the narrative opens we have the Wrights, Dominick and Lucy, making preparations for the wedding of their daughter, Tina. Very shortly the parents of the prospective groom, Al Rosso, arrive and everyone is now waiting for Al. The impending marriage of Tina is the most important event ever to occur in the life of Dominick and the fantasy in these first few pages is something out of Krafft-Ebing. The insightful reader will realize at once that Dominick Wright is a sick and confused man, just how sick and confused will be revealed in the remainder of the book. Al finally arrives and it is clear to everyone but Dominick that the soon-to-be-married Al is a reluctant dragon indeed. He listens to Dominick's hogwash about how beautiful Tina's virginity is, what a rare and pure little girl Al is marrying, how he had better be careful on the wedding night with Dominick's precious little Tina and similar nonsense; finally, not able to stand this any longer, Al bursts out, " . . . Who are you kidding? Is everybody crazy here? Suppose I told you your precious daughter's already pregnant. Suppose I told you I knocked her up, that's why I'm marrying her, because I have to."

Dominick pretends Al is making a dirty joke, like all young men of this day and age, and flees the apartment because it is time for him to go to work. At what kind of work does Dominick spend his time? He is on the vice squad and traps hapless homosexuals in subway stations. Dominick has turned his work into a flourishing business. Those who can pay are not booked, but blackmailed. The homosexuals who have no

money are booked, and in this manner Dominick has built up an excellent record as a vice cop. His little black book, with names, addresses, occupations and payment records is bulging, and Dominick has amassed a fortune through his blackmail.

Dominick's first stop is to collect $100.00 from a victim and when the victim tells him, " . . . Here. I hope that's the last I see of you." Dominick erupts with, "You freaks . . . All you think of is money . . . I'm just letting you off easy because that's the way I am . . . It's you freaks who's ruining this here country . . . Freaks that squeal get thrown into the bughouse . . . "

From this point the book erupts into lush fantasy, but fantasy which reveals the entire sordid past of Dominick Wright. The first problem is his justification for his actions. He is bothered because he goes so far to collect evidence and trap his victims. Actually, he is avidly seeking partners to perform fellatio on him but feels that he has to justify this, " . . . Sure there's been times when he's been relieved . . . It's a good way of not having too many kids . . . There's nothing wrong with it if you're not especially interested; it's better than getting a disease . . . And when he does it, he tries to think of Lucy."

We are now ready for the fantasy revelations of the real background of Dominick Wright, of which the following are some indication:

" . . . You became a beach boy . . . For a buck you'd go just so far. Another buck, a little further. For another, all the way."

" . . . In this madhouse zoo, you became an oyster guzzled alive down their sex-choked throats."

" . . . You were handsome then, your brow smooth as a taut condom . . . You'd pull your tight trunks below the navel, your pubic feathers preening. . . . How lustfully those sunburnt cobra legs could spread . . . You, the three-dollar key to life had a name then and that name was Joy Boy."

With this background, and more, Dominick knows the techniques for getting a victim to make the fatal move, "Quietly, slyly, you inch over. Your trembling knees make contact. Then your arms. It's arm against arm now, knee against knee. You look longingly into the stranger's eyes, no longer a stranger, but your dearest friend, your lover, your salvation . . . "

" . . . Hot numbers, cool numbers, expensive ones, doped-up, clapped-up numbers—you've had them all . . . to mince up to a number . . . your genitals, they're stiff and aching . . . You peel the number's clothes off one by one . . . "

In the line that has become honored in its reality, Dominick stopped being trade and became competition. " . . . Thickets, jungle parks, bushes, alleys, these became your new home . . . In the dark underbrush, kneeling, you would pray . . . something young, fair, innocent, an answer to all your passions . . . You became more and more daring. Thirteen-year-olds, twelve-year-olds, tens . . . "

" . . . I'm 17 from Wyoming and I never knew a damn thing till a guy saw me in the shower and let me have it and I been doing it ever since I do it anyway you want . . . "

Where and when did it all begin? The fantasy clears up long enough to tell us " . . . And that red-headed "friend" of yours who used to play with you in the basement behind the Virgin's blue effigy . . . trying to escape your friend's headhold as he commands you, his voice growing softer, melting into ecstasy . . . "

Into this nightmare are thrown pictures of Dominick attempting to pick up young boys who attract him; enticing faggots to make fatal

moves in dreary subway stations; Dominick having visions of masses of naked adolescent males wandering about the streets; peeking into places where adolescents are having sex; his fantasy turning to masochistic daydreams of lustful adolescents beating him up; etc.

Readers will comprehend the fantasy more easily if they keep in mind that Dominick Wright is a classic example of the Oedipus complex. His mother is the Madonna; his father is a weak personality who is a doorman and therefore merits not even a disguise for the contempt that his son has for him; Our Leader is the strongman of Dominick's fantasy; the Mother Superior is the landlady who haunted his early years when he was tricking for $3.00 a session and sneaking them into his room; Angel is any beautiful young boy that Dominick covets; "D" is the headquarters detective who is tailing Dominick because his superiors are aware that something is wrong, and the book is filled with fantasies of fellatio and cunnilingus under every imaginable circumstance and in language ranging from crude to poetic.

This is a difficult book, but a very good one. Readers will have to follow the dialogue carefully and keep the characters firmly before them. However, the book is a profound one as indicated by the question, "What is truth but those special lies one believes?"

A Voice That Fills The House. Martin Mayer. (Available through Guild Book Service for $3.75)

This is the recounting of the last days of Inspector Charles Sellers, an aristocrat from an old Virginia family, cultivated, urbane, a man with an international reputation in police circles and "an old queen." The story is told by a famous American male operatic star whose career was launched by one of "those people, who, just over the age of sexual attractiveness, are anxious to help good looking young artists in their careers." Of course, the person to whom he refers is none other than Inspector Sellers.

The Inspector has a son, Harry, who is a financial genius and who has managed to build up a fortune independently of his father. Harry is married to Rosa, leading female singer at San Carlos Opera Company, and is consumed with anger because his father is "queer." His anger flares anew when the Inspector arrives with his latest companion, a 25 year old Negro, "Black as bitter chocolate." It happens that Andrews is beautiful, sophisticated, intelligent and liked by everyone except, of course, Harry. Rosa, with her European background, is more relaxed about the matter and tells her husband, " . . . Your mother is dead, and what your father does in bed, and whom he does it with—this does not concern you."

In short order everyone is back in New York. The Inspector has been given a "vacation" until the heat is off his having gone a bit far in breaking up a U.S.—Italian narcotics ring, but the Police Department very thoughtfully left Andrews assigned to the Inspector. The narrator is making his debut at the Met and, to Harry's annoyance, is surrounded by faggots. The situation becomes so obvious that his attorney finally warns him that " . . . Not every creative talent, not every composer, is a fag."

Through the Inspector and some of his friends, the narrator is invited to what is supposed to be a seance in a cheap East Side hotel. The whole thing is a prearranged fraud as the performance is simply a prelude to a sex orgy. As an aftermath of this orgy the Inspector dies and one of the frantic efforts, among many, is to collect all of his vast and valuable pornography collection from various parts of the house before any police come for further investigation or anyone comes to

make a formal listing of the estate, "My God! There's four big boxes full of erotica upstairs that we dug out of desks and closets and filing cabinets . . . "

The problems multiply when Harry discovers that the priceless pornography collection, as well as the Sellers house in Murray Hill, has been left to Andrews. Harry is the outraged son who feels that he is being blackmailed by the will. Our narrator gives the book a priceless finale. He is attending a party that has been described to him as " . . . It's a big bird nest . . . Every queer bird you ever saw. There is nothing else like it in the world . . . "

The evolution of Andrews from what he was when we met him to the swishy queen that we last see in the book is one that many of us recognize from real life without any difficulty. The problems raised by the various aspects of this book are handled with great realism and wit. As a matter of fact, the book is filled with gay jokes and lines that many of our readers will have heard before, but many, mercifully, do bear repeating.

There is one flaw in the book. The average reader is not as avid an opera fan as would have to be the case for all of the information about opera in particular and music in general to hold his interest. This is a well written, literate, funny book. Leave out the long passages on opera and you have a first rate novel.

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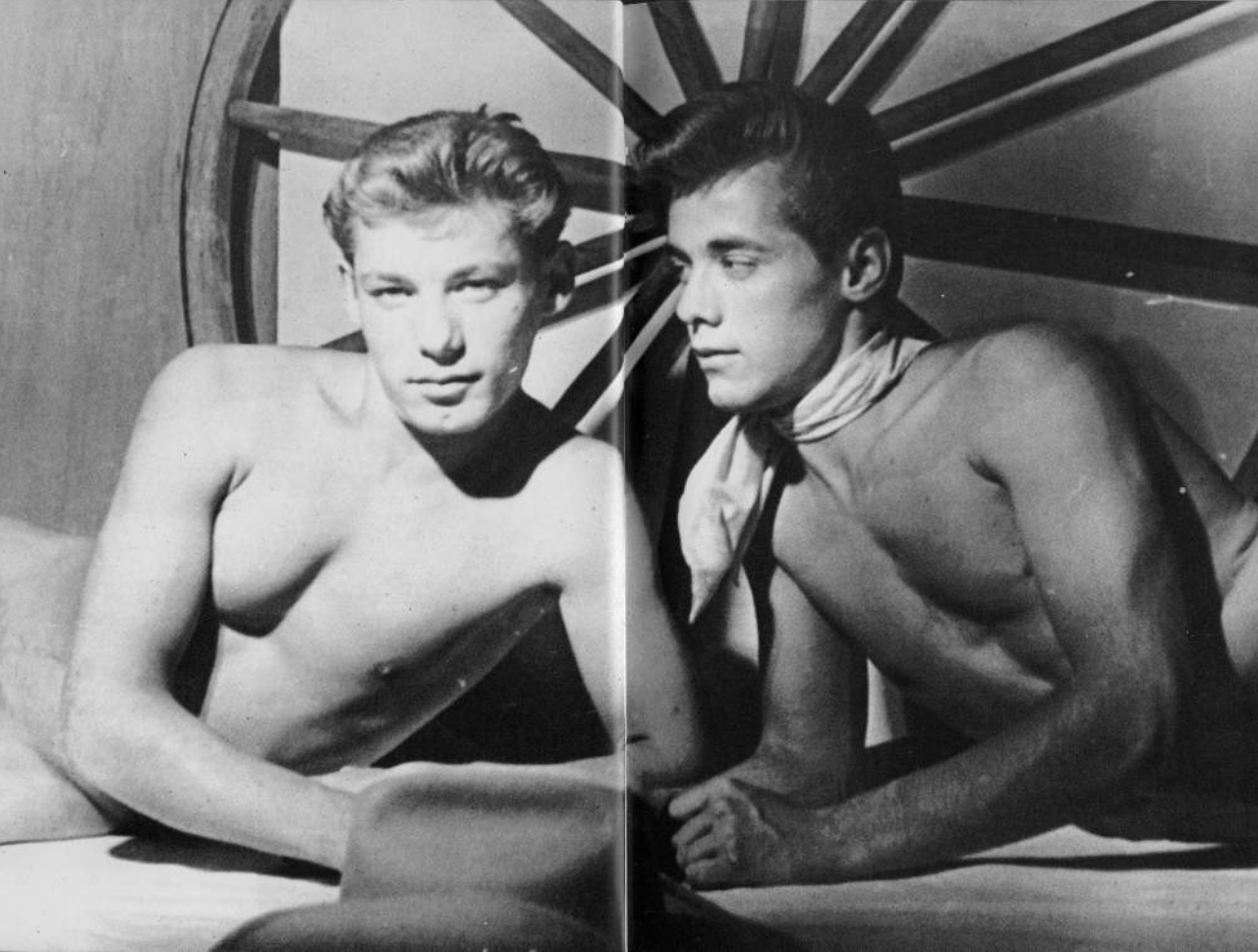

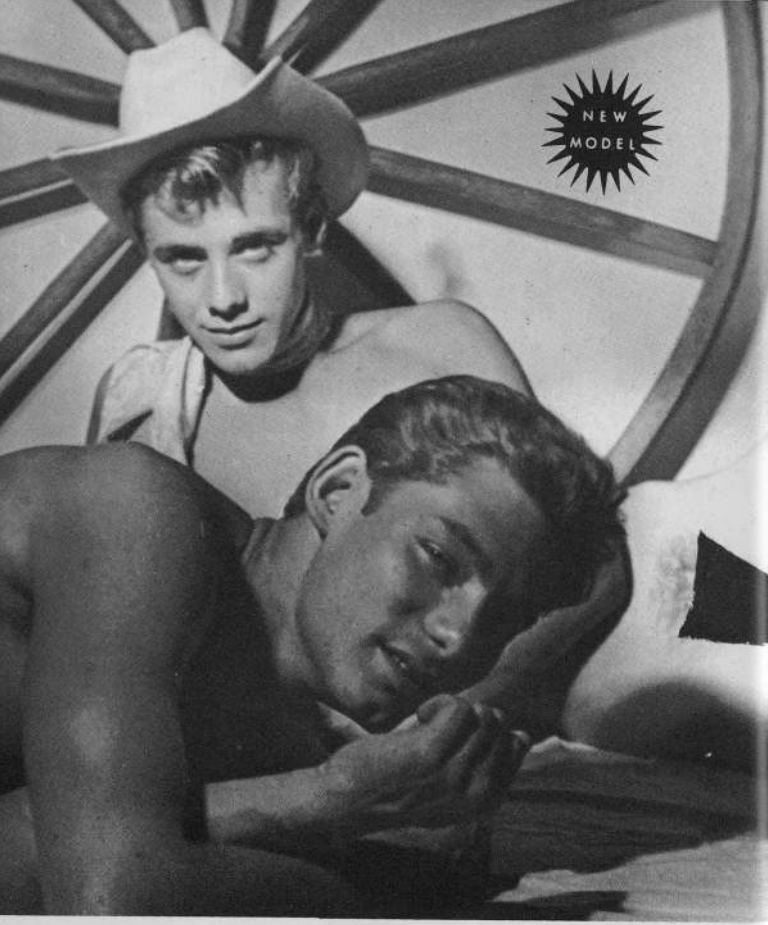

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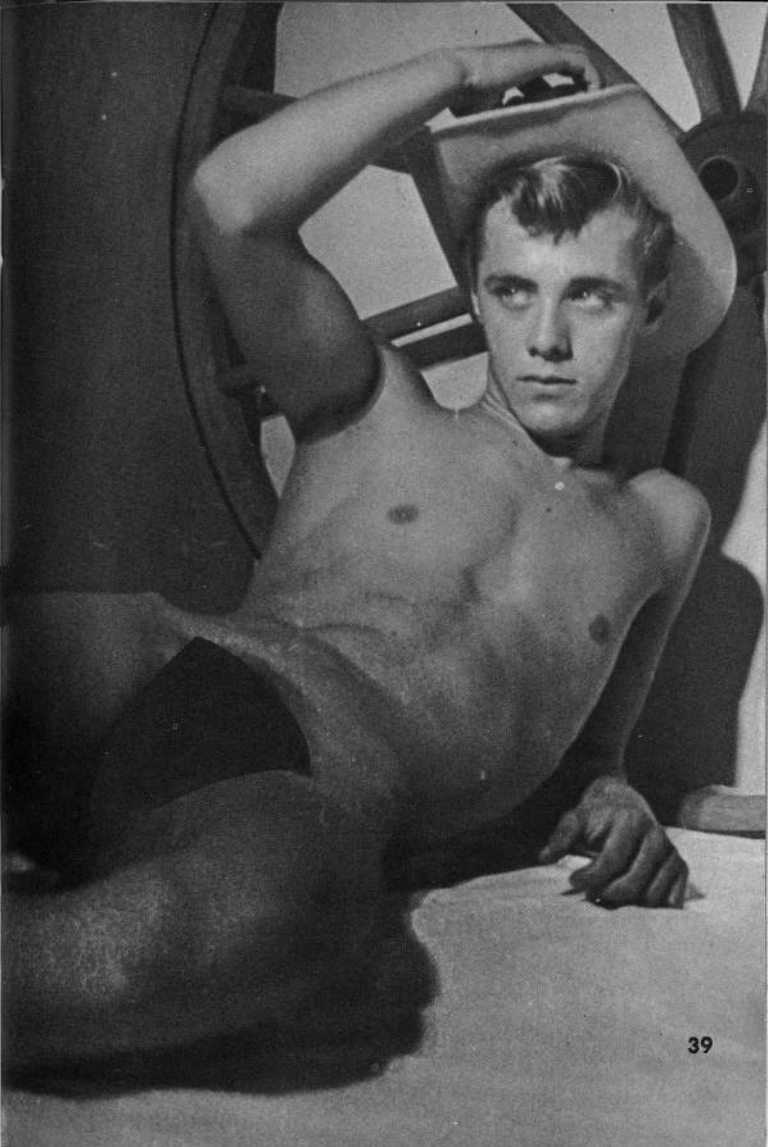

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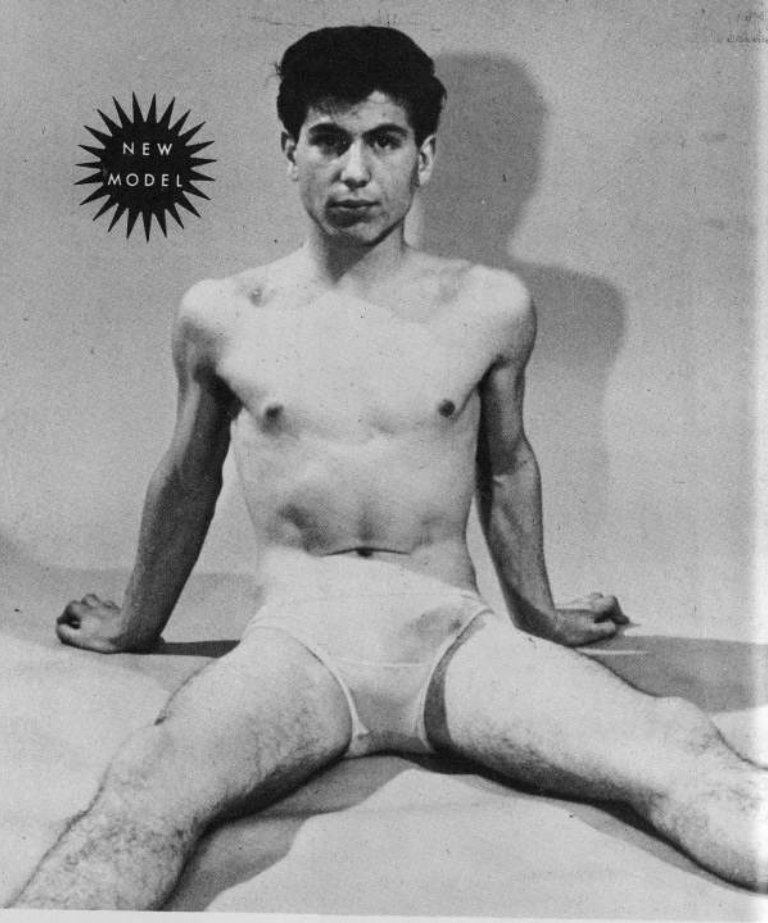

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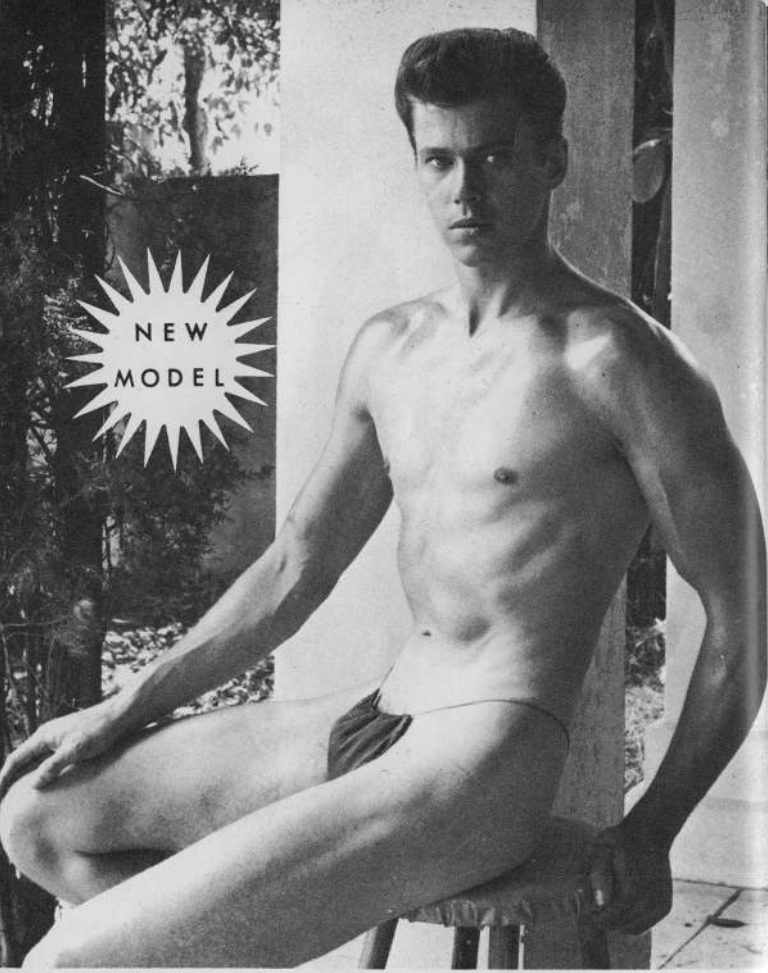

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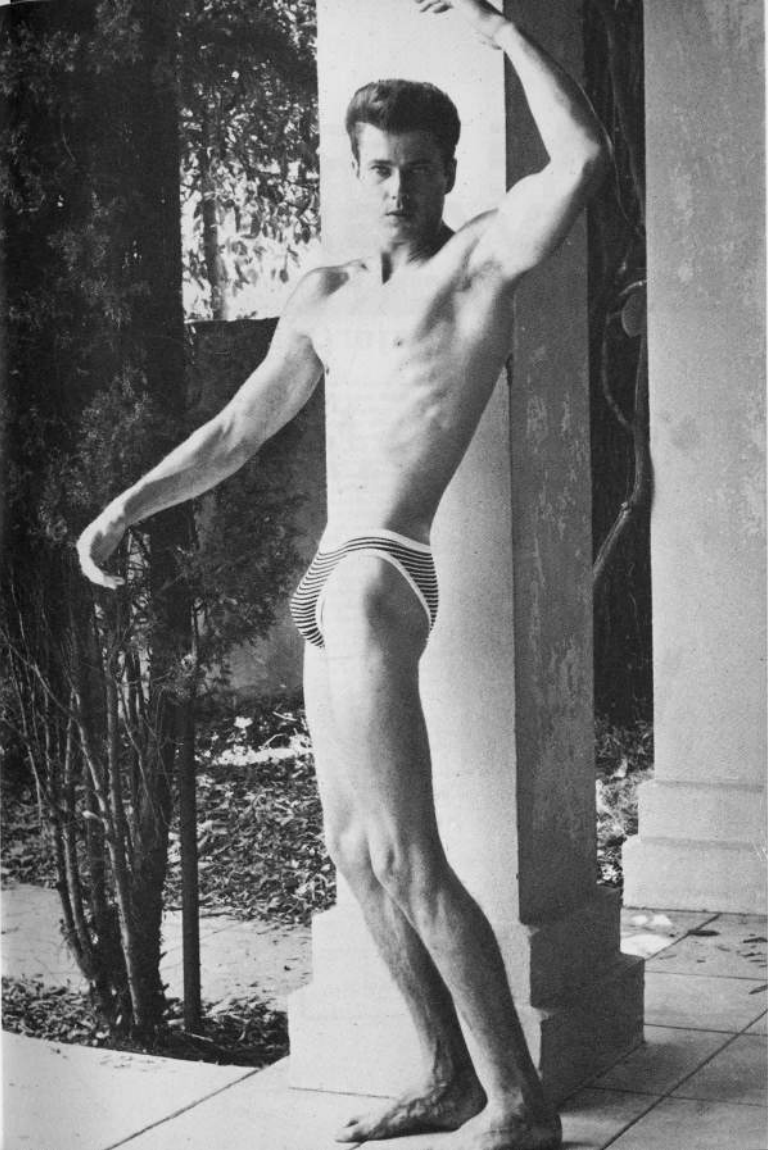

THE YOUNG SAVAGES - I

UNRETOUCHED NUDE PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOUNG BOYS

by Hajo Ortil

Good news ! The response to "One Hundred Naked Rebels" was so encouraging that we have taken special pains to obtain more of the superb work of Hajo Ortil, undoubtedly the greatest photographer of boys in the world.

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stories of the homosexual life

by Alexander Goodman

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The Chicken at the Beach. No more than fifteen, but he earns his living by slipping into the bath-house dressing room of any man who wants him.

QUOTES:

My brain was thinking of ways to get still closer to him, to somehow get him away to any private place where I could test the sweetness of those pink, smiling lips.

Bill told me that he had told his mother all about himself. I had never heard of any gay kid doing this.

"O.K." he would say ("It's better than jerking off," he would think) letting Allen enter the room with him.

"Then he comes over to me with that thing of his looking like a big hammer and says 'Turn over.' "

"I'm sure I can get Duke Smith to pose for you. Do you like him? Would you like to go to bed with him? I hear he's wild in bed."

"—but just once for each, then I've had it. I'm not one of those faggots who wants to get married and all that crap . . . "

"Didn't you get a look at his equipment?"

I had given up any hope of anything more happening. There were too many, they were under age, and I didn't have the money.

We went into the ocean together. I wanted to touch him there, to see exactly what his eyes did mean up on the beach.

"Take it all, baby," the boy sang.

ALEXANDER GOODMAN

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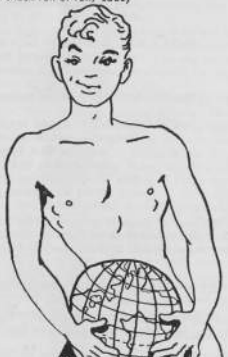

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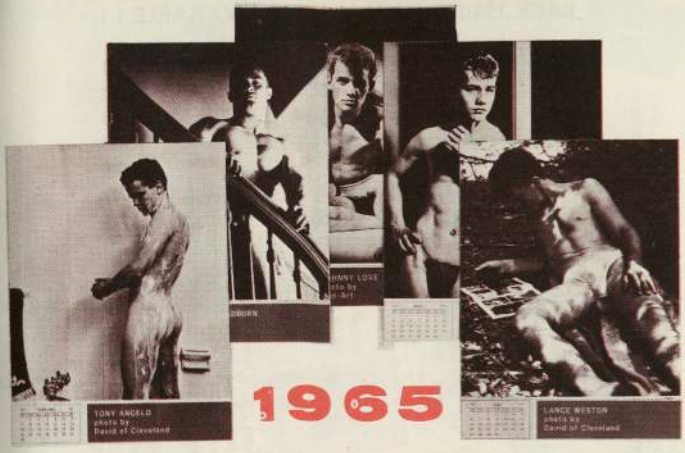

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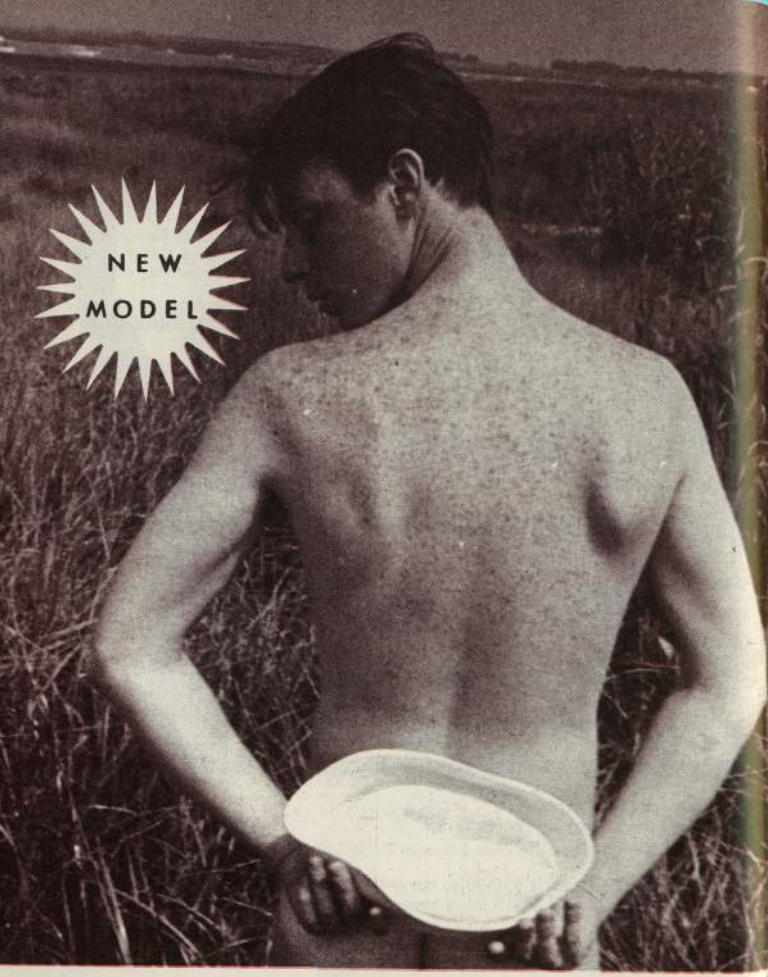

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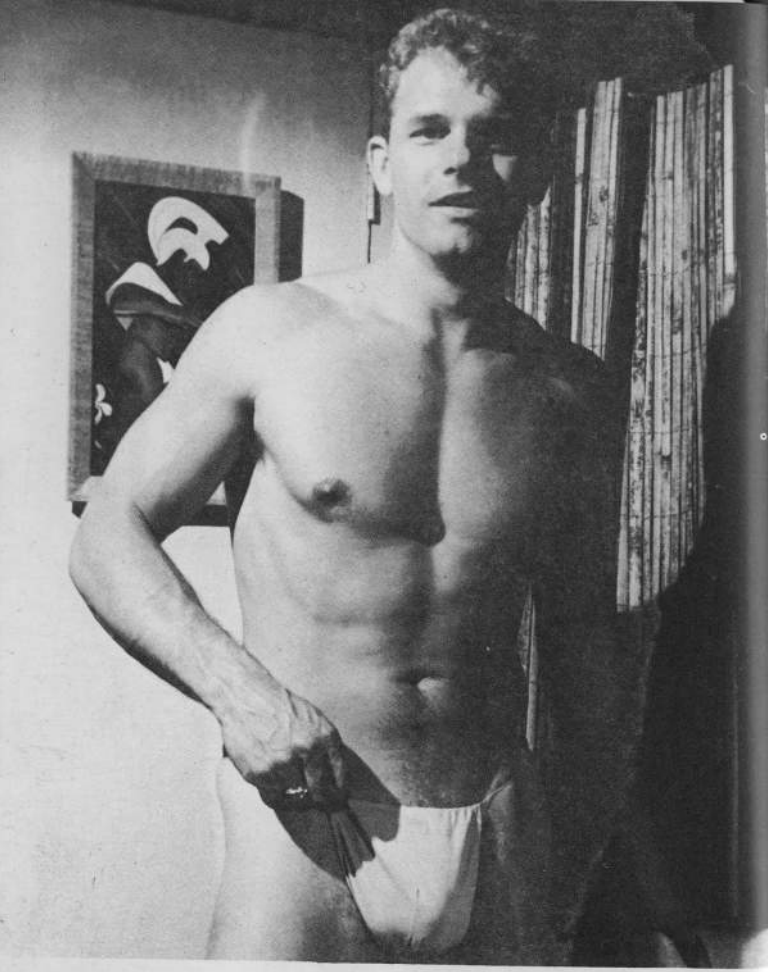

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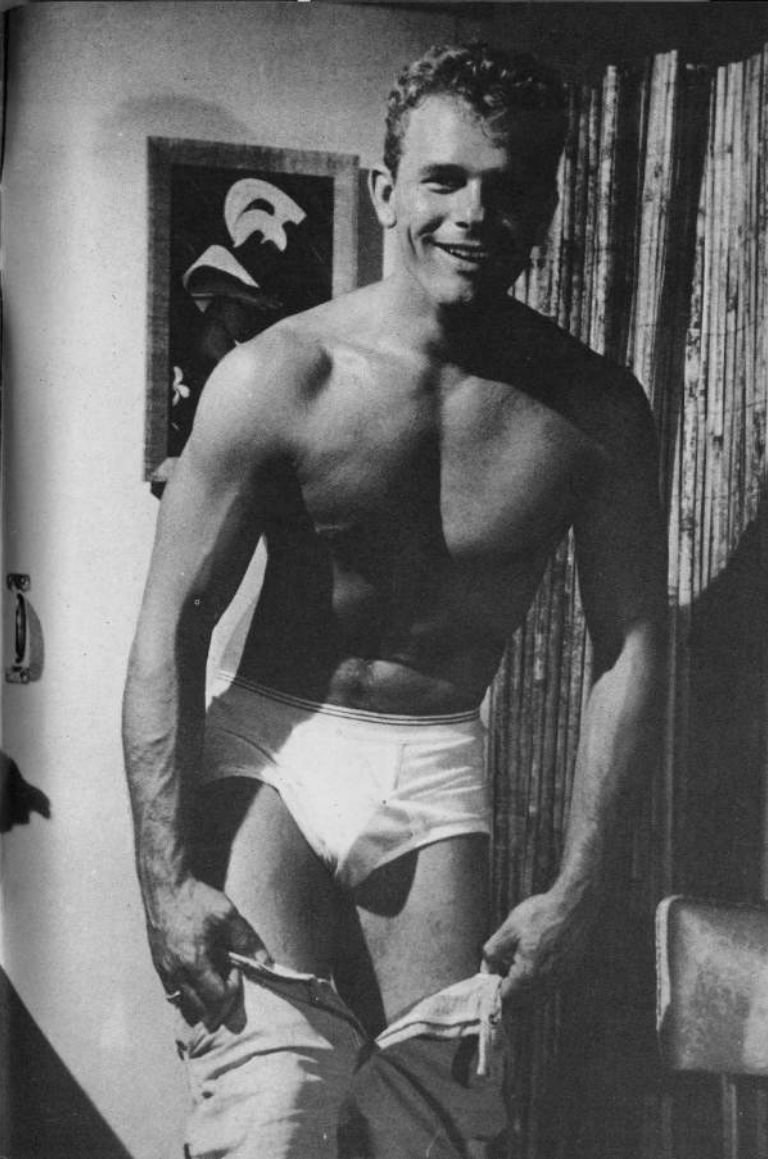

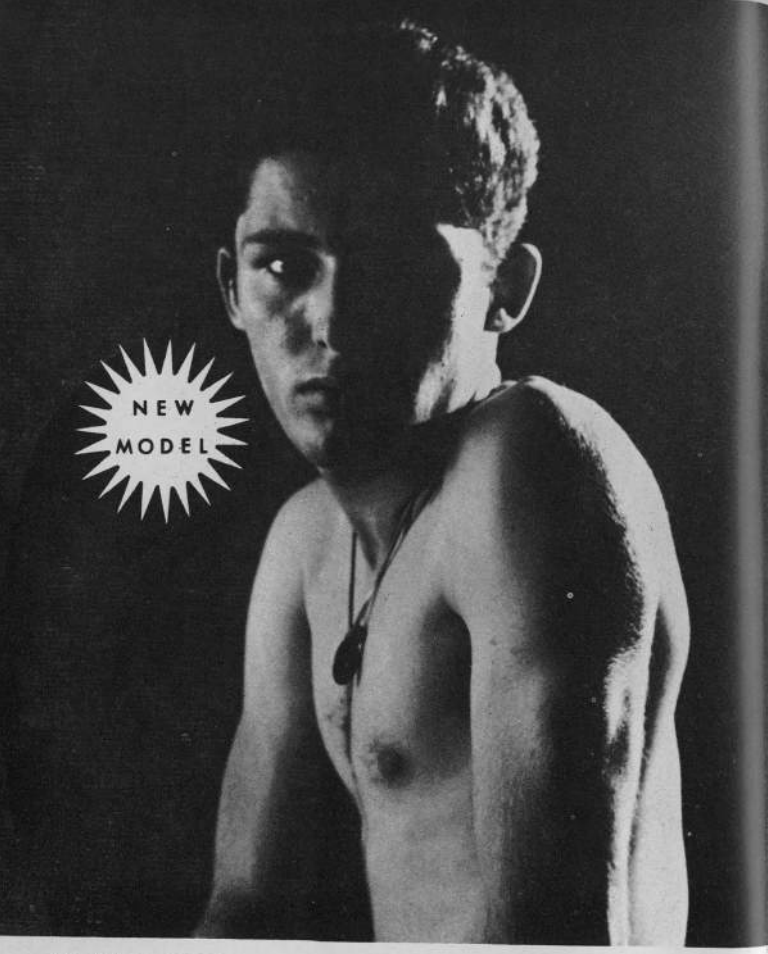

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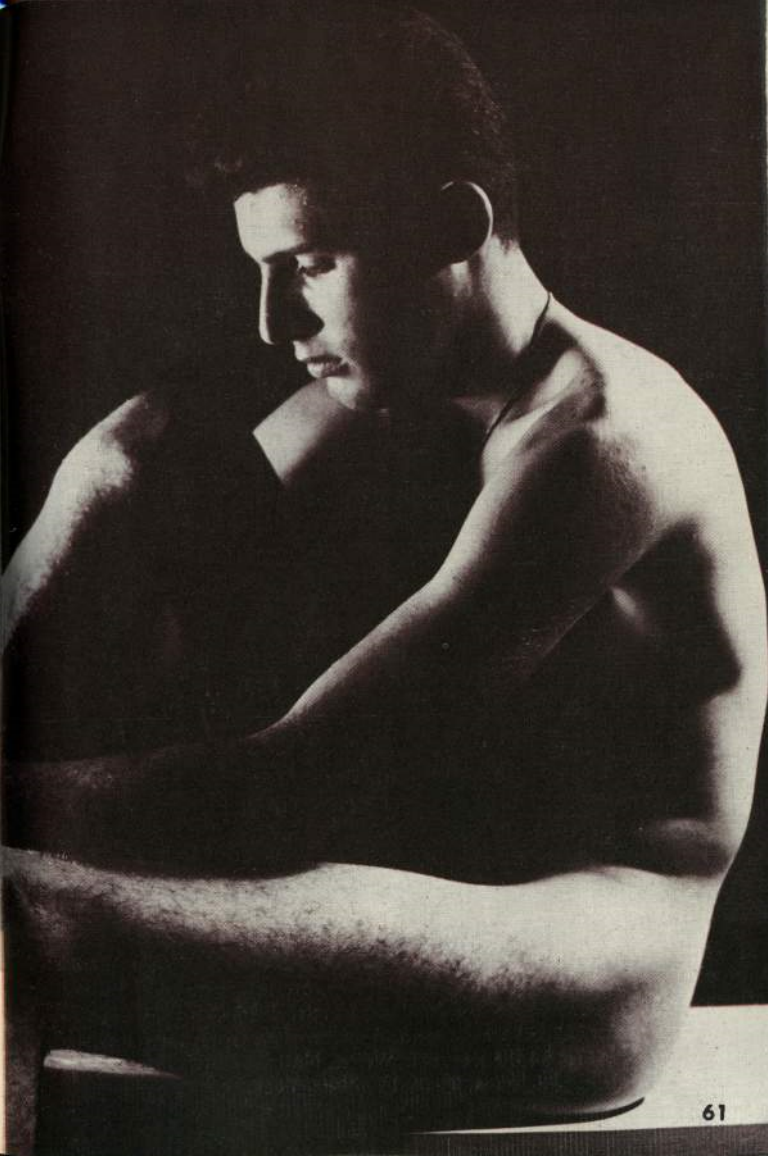

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VIM Directory

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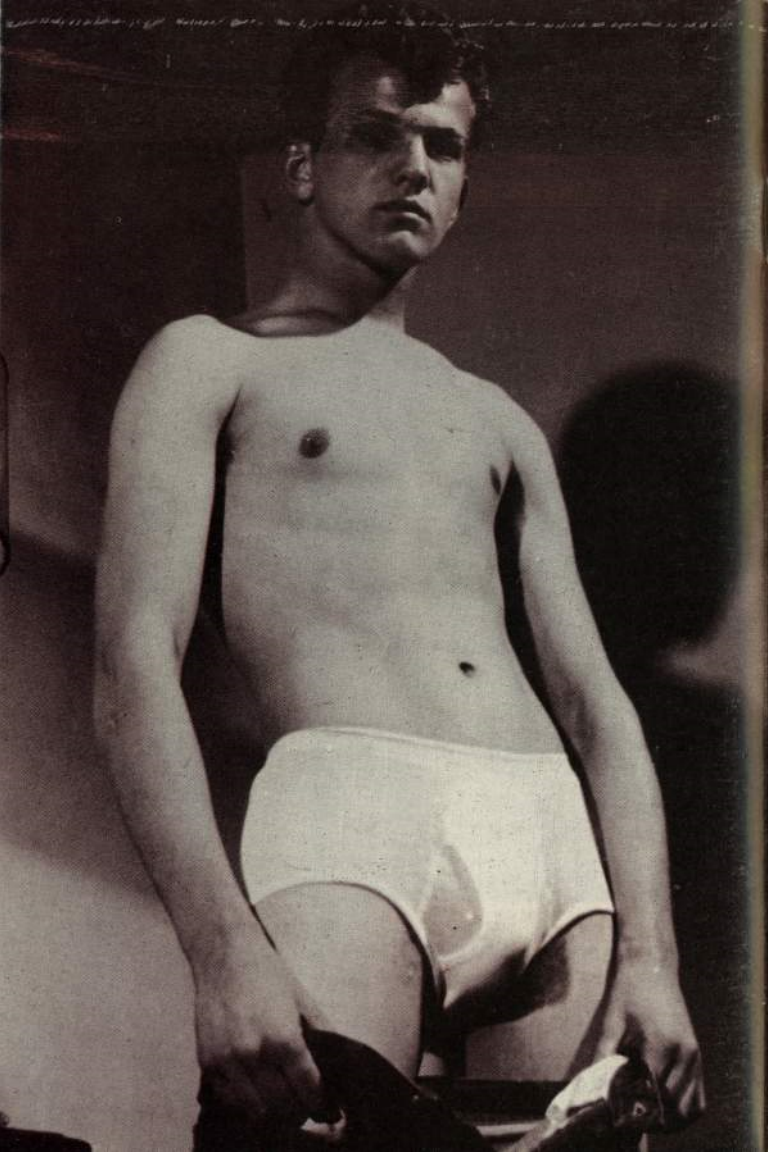
Photographers whose name appear under photo credits but who are not listed in the Directory do not have any photographs for sale.

Acme International, P.O. Box 1108 San Francisco 1, Calif.
Bob Anthony, 155 W. 46th St., (Suite 600), N.Y. 36, N.Y.
Baxter of California, Box 1247, Hollywood 28, Calif.
Athletic Model Guild, 1834 W. 11th Street L. A. 6, Calif.
Frank Borck Studio, 457 Church St., Toronto Ontario, Canada.
Bruce, 11762 Kensington Road, Los Alamitos, Calif.
CK Studio, Box 715, Adelaide P. O., Toronto, 1, Ont., Canada.
Capital Studio, P. O. Box 330, N. Y. 3, N. Y.
Champion, Box 39, 217 W. 18 St., N. Y. C. 11.
Corporal Studio, C.P. 1132, St Laruent P.Q., Canada
Rod Crowther, Box 369, Franklin Sta., Wash., D. C.
Photo by D, 26 Horatio Street, N.Y. 14, N.Y.
DB Associates, P.O. Box 161, Berkeley 1, California.
David of Cleveland, P. O. Box 5391, Cleveland 1, Ohio.
Debut Studio, Box 66591, Houston 6, Texas.
Discus Studio, P. O. Box 300. New York 21, N. Y.
Don's Models, P.O. Box 789, Ansonia Sta., New York, N.Y.
Neil Edwards, Dept. G, P.O. Box 153, N.Y. 13, N.Y.
Jan Eyck, 115 Postschissfach, Munchen 1, Germany.
Falcon Studio, Box 7566, Franklin Sta., Washington 44, D. C.
Ferrero, 85 Boulevard St. Agathe, Nice, France.
Frank Borck Enterprises, Box 637, Station "F", Toronto, Ontario.
Frontier Athletic Club, George Greig, 730 Emerald Street, San Diego 9, Calif.
Frontier Boys, P.O. Box 3533, Grand Central Sta., N.Y., N.Y.
Hoffman, 60 Raeburn Place, Edinburg 4, Scotland.
Hollfelder, Frank, 8 Munchen 13, Postfach 452, W. Germany
In Shape, P.O. Box 285, Brooklyn, N.Y., 11202
Steve Jayson, P.O. Box 413, Albany New York, 12201
Jock of Europe, Via Di S. Francessco A Ripa 57, Rome, Italy.
Jock of South Africa, P. O. Box 2806, Pretoria, S. Africa.
Jon, 1302 E. Pike, Seattle 22, Wash.
Larry Knight, 9 Marchmont St., London W.C. 1, England.
Ken Studio, 6248 Lexington Ave., Hollywood Calif. 90038
Kris Studio, Box 1251, Chicago 90 , Ill.
Len, Box 31012, Gothenburg 31, Sweden.
Lester Photos, Montreal International Airport, Box 252, Dorval Quebec, Canada.
Lyric Studio, P.O. Box 4972, San Francisco, Calif.
Marathon Studio, 550 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Mercury Photos, Box 4314, Inglewood, California. 90302
MexArt, P.O. Box 3231 , Austin 4, Texas.
Model of The Month Club, Box 144, Dept. GP, Kew Gardens 15, New York
Models Studio, 14 Park St., Andover, Mass.
Milo, 601 S. Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles 5, Calif.
Photo-Soto, Jose Tobias, 2435, Lo Franco, Sector 95-B, Santiago, Chile.
Photozique Studio, Box 144, Kew Gardens Sta., Kew Gardens, 15, N. Y.
Plato, Box 94, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N.Y.
Power Photos, Box 151, Delormier Sta., Montreal, Quebec, Cana.
Proferes Studio, P.O. Box 1165, Washington, D.C.
Quaintance Art Studio, Box 2236, Terminal Annex, Los Angeles 54, California.
Kurt Rockstedt, Alicepiatz 10, Postlagernd, 605 Offenbach am Main, Germany.
R. A. Enterprises, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood 28, Calif.
Troy Saxon, P.O. Box 95, Kansas City 41, Missouri.
Sennels, Gastrikegatan 12-A, Stockholm VA, Sweden.
Spartan, 7740½ Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles Calif. 90046
St. John Studio, Box 63, Detroit Michigan, 48231
Surf Studio, Box 6442, Surfside, Florida.
M. Tod Studio, 494 Fulham Rd., London S.W. 6, England.
Tyro, Box 365, El Cerrito, Calif.
Victor, Box 4653 ,Station C., Vancouver 10, B.C., Canada.
Willard, P. O. Box 352, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

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